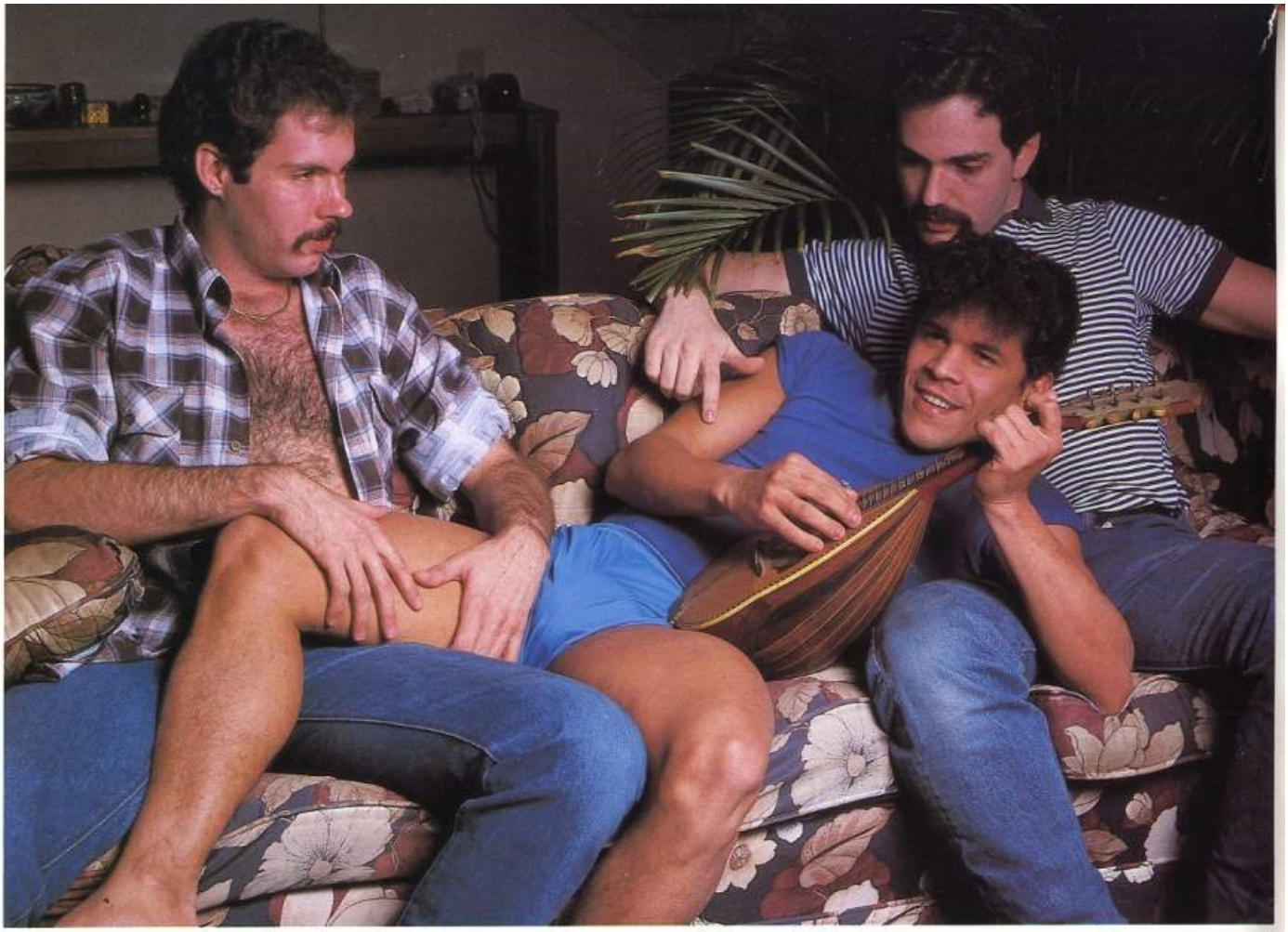
VOLUME 1

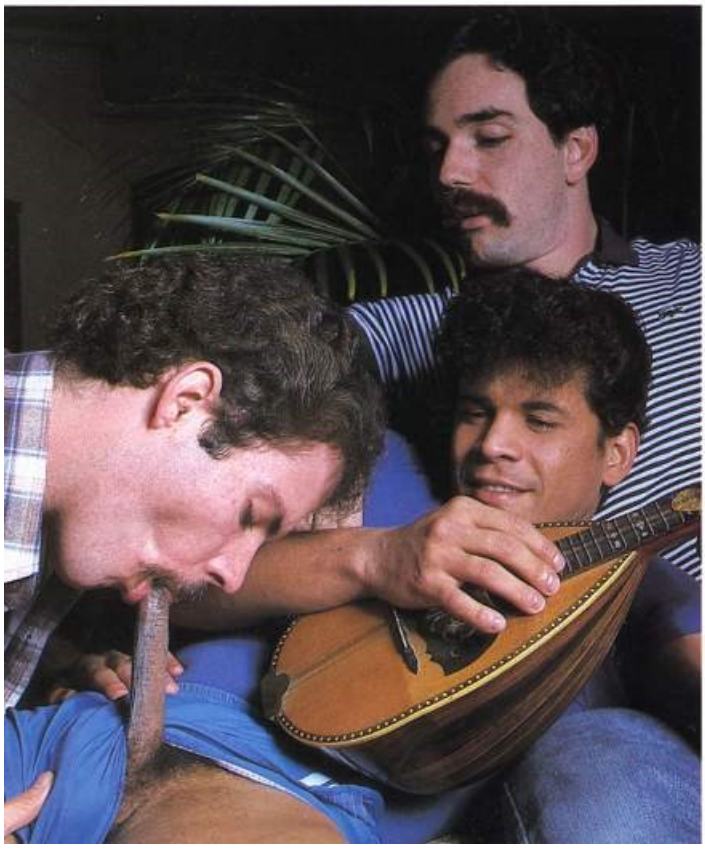
# PATRÓN

ALL MODELS 18 OR OLDER

ADULTS ONLY

ALL COLOR

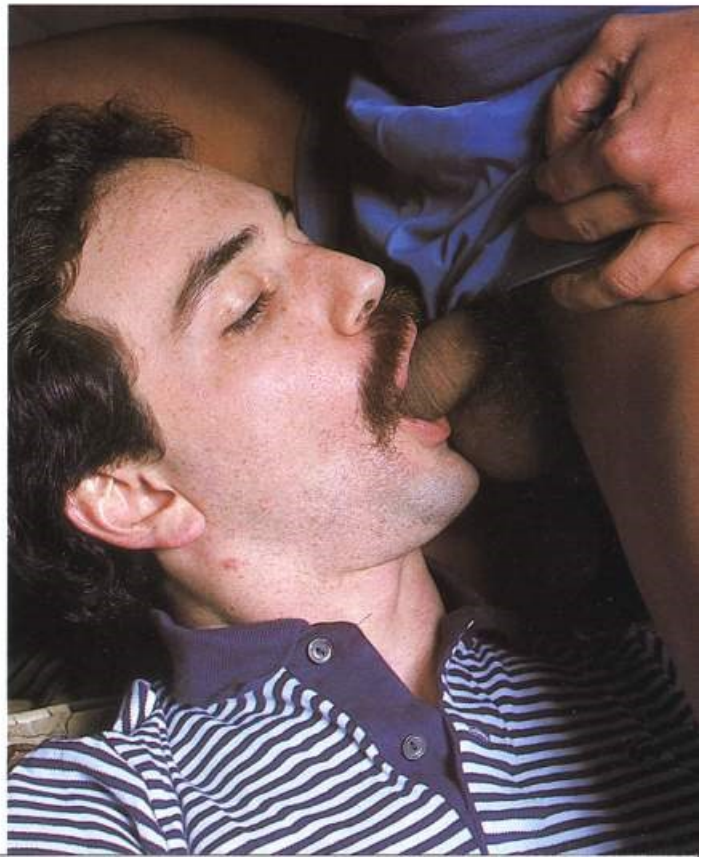


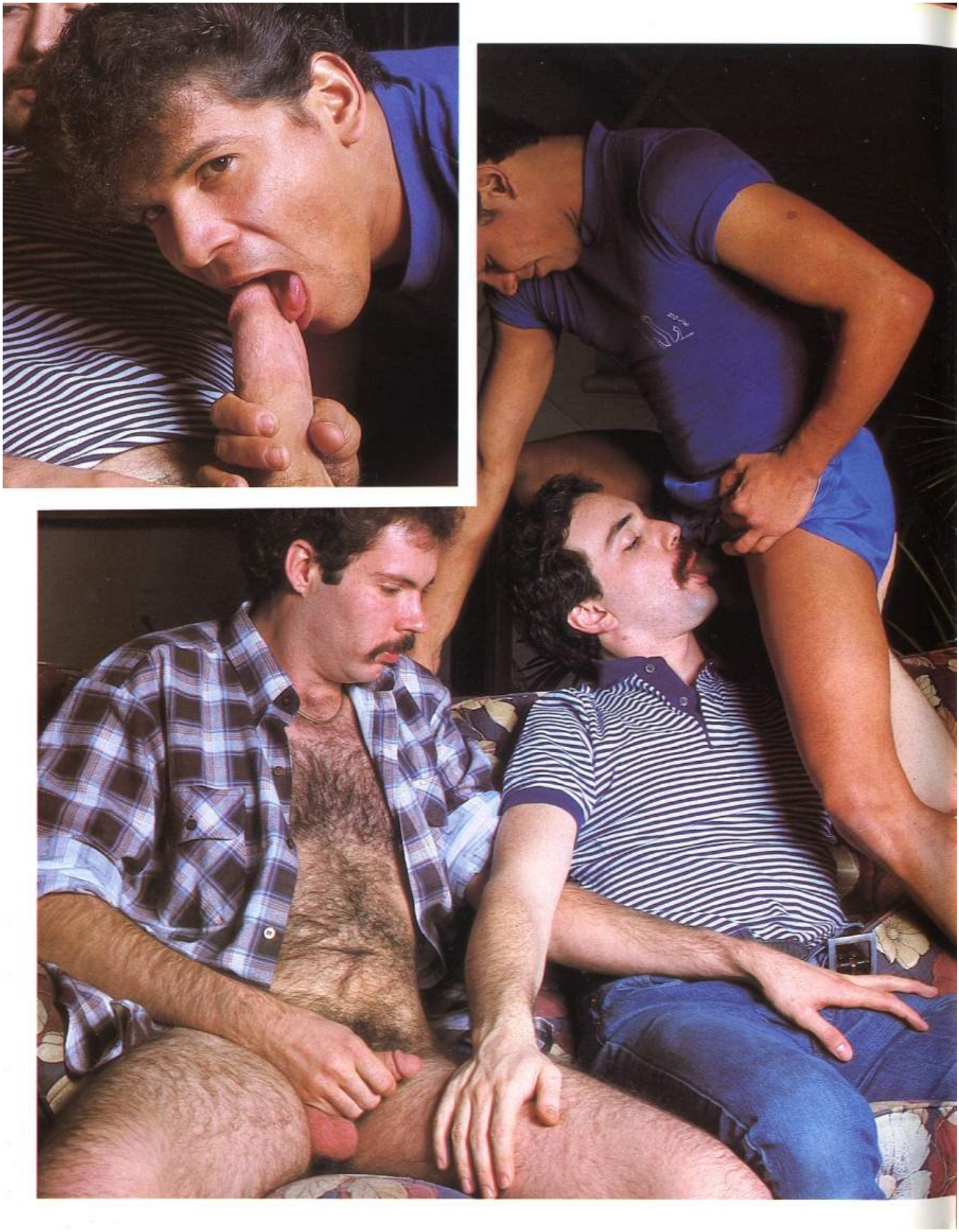


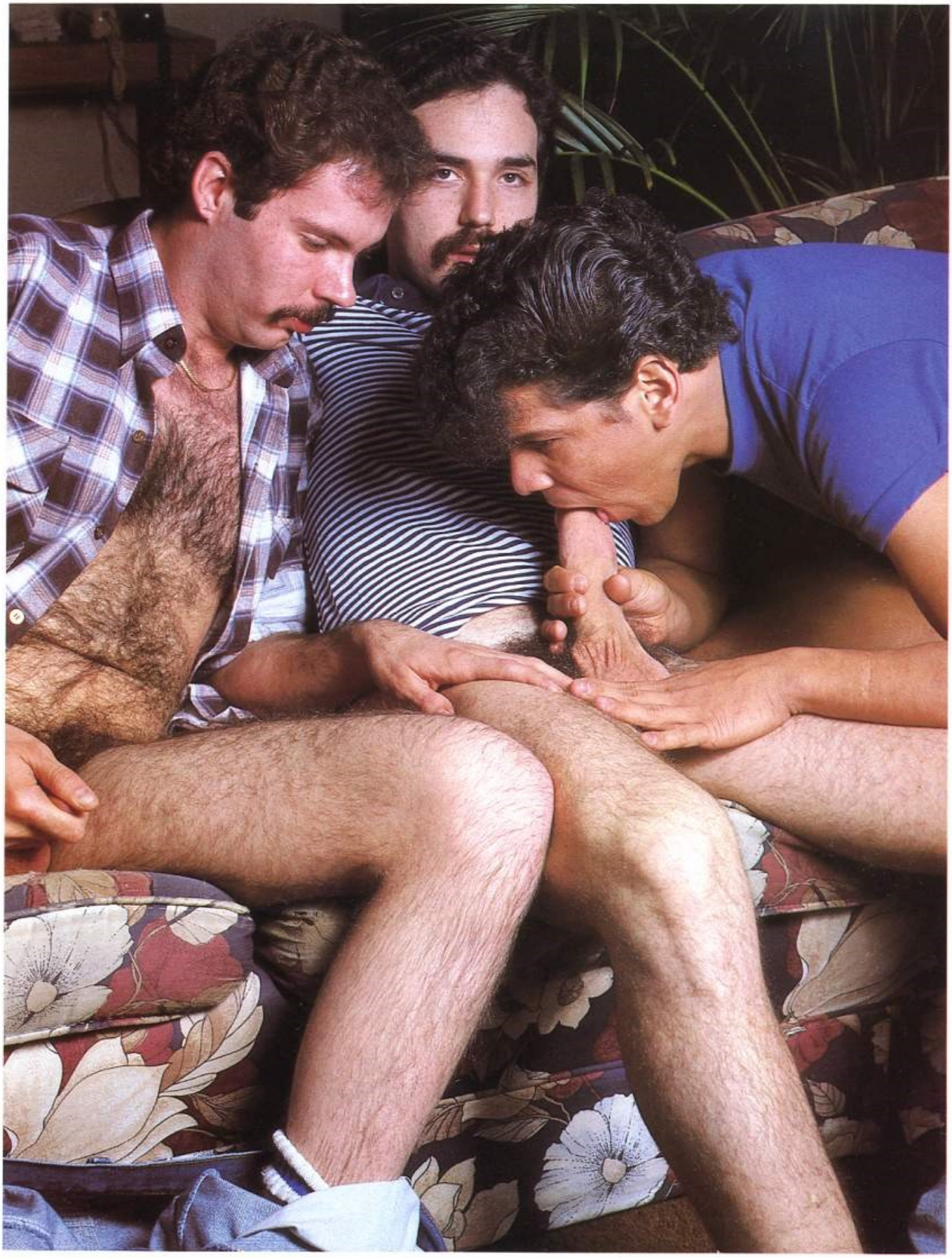
Taking a vacation with Ray was an experience. He seemed to have a natural ability to smell out the action in any place that he went. And his moustached good-looks and thick circumcized cock made him an instant prize wherever he was. He was always seeking out new adventures and that made him lots of fun to be with. I know that I would never have done half the things I did do if he hadn't been encouraging me and putting me into situations that I never would have gotten into myself. Like the time we ended up in the Atlas Mountains of Morocco as part of a camel caravan. I thought for sure that we were going to be sold into white slavery, as they used to say, but Ray just laughed good-naturedly and proceeded to take on all the young, humpy camel drivers. Did those boys ever love to fuck.

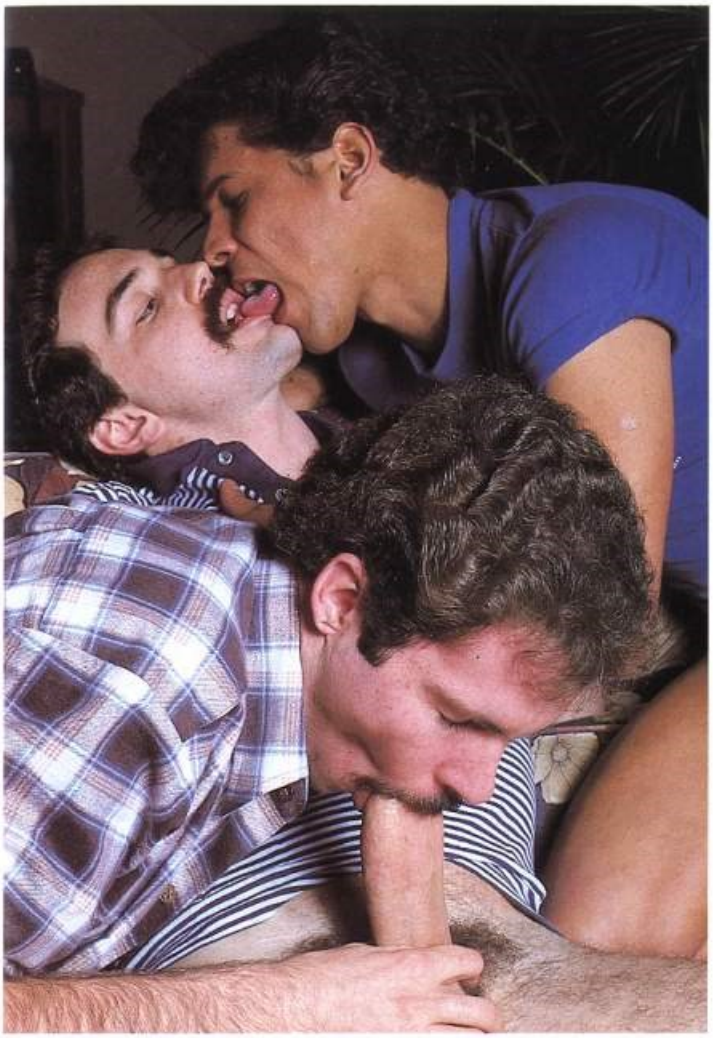
As soon as we would hit a little village on the caravan route, everybody would be off to the local baths. Since there was no indoor plumbing anywhere in Morocco except in the luxury hotels, an evening at the baths was the big thing and could be had for virtually a few pennies.

There was always one large steam room in most of the places, although there were some individual baths in the larger establishments because family participation was encouraged. For the most part, though, the facilities were devoted to men on one night and to women and children on the other. Despite the ragged appearance of most of the natives, cleanliness was a quality encouraged and approved by the Koran. The men were very, very discreet, especially in the public rooms of the baths, for homosexuality was forbidden by their







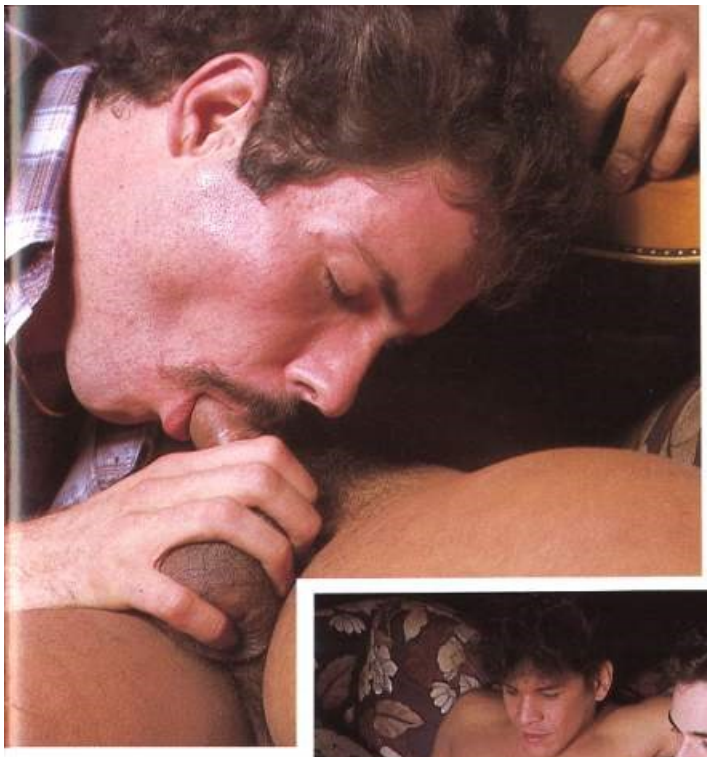


religion; but in the private, so-called resting rooms, it was a whole different world. You could fuck an Arab but only after he had sodomized you. Some macho thing that neither Ray nor I understood. We just enjoyed it. Those thick Arab cocks could really throw a mean fuck into you and after a week on a caravan I could barely seat my camel. I had one sore well-worn asshole.

That is something I certainly never would have thought of all by myself. One year we went to Scandinavia and feasted on Nordic cock, although Stockholm was dull, dull, dull compared to the delights of Copenhagen. None of the Scandinavians seem to be circumcized and loved Ray all the more for his big cut tool. One year we took a cruise on an Italian liner and by the time we had returned to home port there wasn't an Italian crewman aboard who hadn't savoured the delights of some good old American cocksucking and ass pounding.

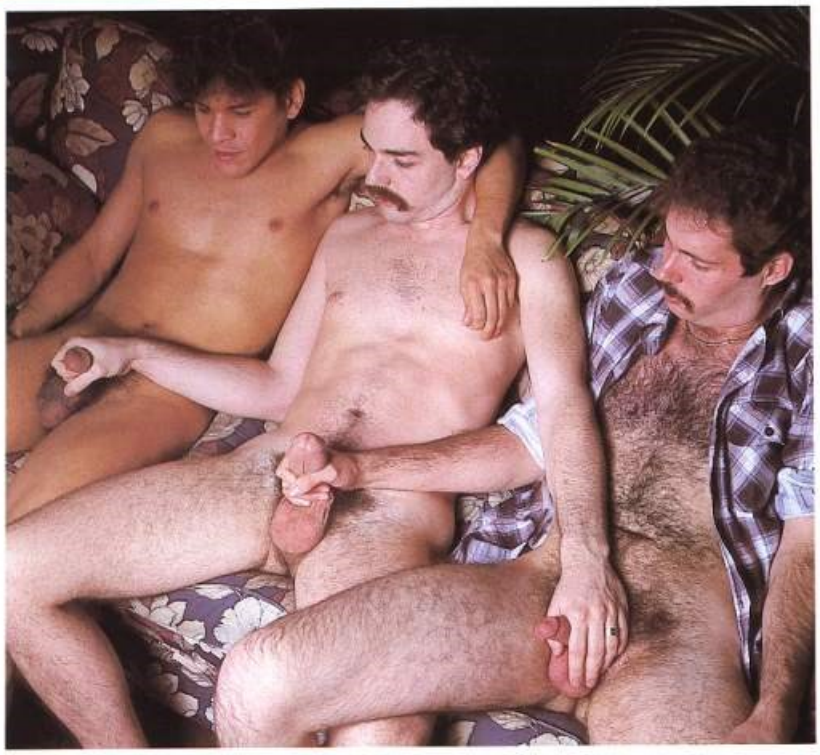
"Puerta Vallarta?" I asked, almost unbelievingly. Acapulco I could see because it was a huge international play ground, but Puerta Vallarta, just by geographical location, was sort of limited to be a small out-of-the-way hideaway. "It's a little small, isn't it?"

"Trust me, Ladd. Have I ever failed so far. My grapevine tells me that the juiciest cocks and the tightest asses are going to be in Puerta Vallarta this season. A fresh crop of farm boys has blossomed."



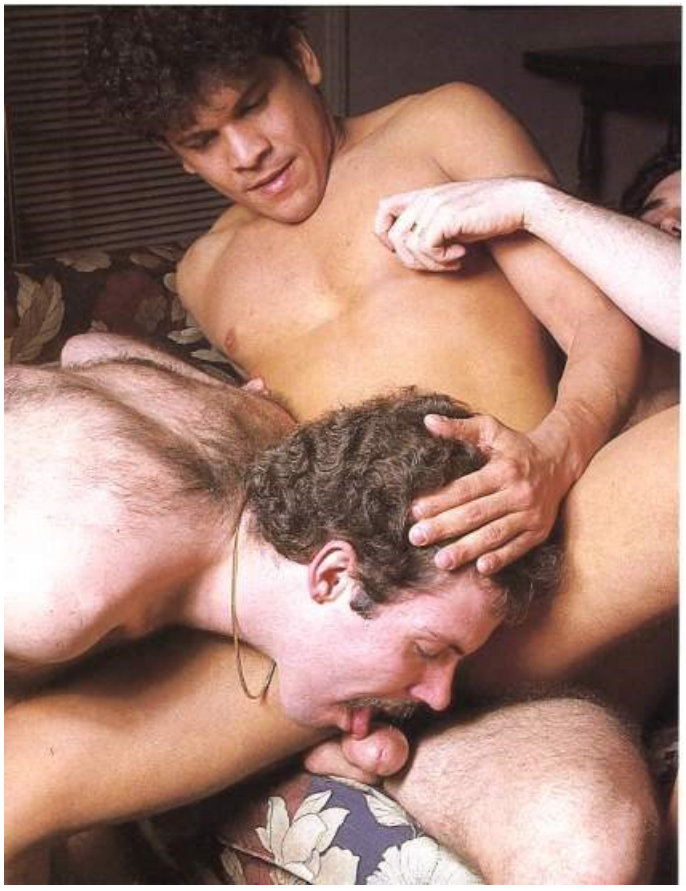
places that nestled along the beach and had been there long before the town had gotten to be famous as a resort. I don't know how he scouted the location in advance, but wherever we stayed, somehow our accommodations always had a private entrance. Most hotels shunned the idea of a horde of native boys parading through the lobby, obviously following an American with money.

We met Mario on our first night. He was a guitar player at one of the little local restaurants. The music was an important plus to draw in the tourists who thought mariachis played everywhere all the time.



Why argue with the master, I asked myself. Even if he was wrong, the sleepy little Mexican town was a delight of sun and surf and if nothing else the margaritas could keep one lulled into a false sense of happiness for days on end.

As usual, we shunned the large touristy type hotels. If you want to meet Americans, Ray would say, stay home. Why go thousands of miles to have the guy next door? We stayed at one of the more native

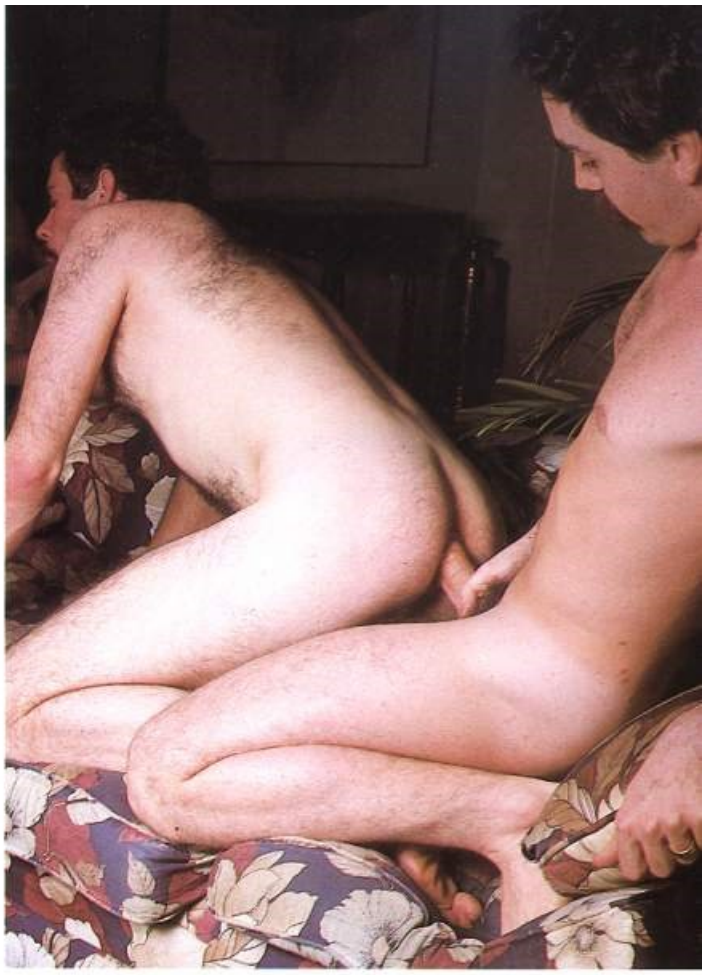


One thing I found out when I first started to travel. You don't have to know the language of the country you're in in order to have a good time. The language of love, so it would seem, is international. That look in the eye, the way the mouth blossoms into a smile — both speak more than words ever could.

Mario played his guitar for us a little when we got him back to our hotel. I guess he tought it would be an ice-breaker, but Ray needed nothing to break the ice. His hands were exploring Mario's crotch even as the boy played. Ray and I weren't lovers, or anything like that, but we did enjoy each other sexually, so while he worked on getting Mario aroused, I worked on getting his love pole up and anxious. Ray's hand dug down into my crotch, too, from time to time so that we were all getting well felt up and tuned in for the action to follow.

"Aiiieee!" Mario exclaimed when I pulled Ray's monster out of his pants for the first time. They didn't have many that big in Mexico I was sure. Mario's eyes got wide like a child's at Christmas and I knew that thoughts of getting fucked by a horse started to run through his mind.

I didn't understand a word that Mario said, but the tone of the voice said that he really liked what he saw. It didn't take him long to put down the guitar and to get a hand wrapped around Ray's pole. The hand was quickly removed as his hot mouth licked Ray's dick back into his throat. That boy was a natural. Someone had either taught him to suck cock like a pro or it was a god-given talent. I watched with envy as he made that thick dick disappear completely into his mouth. I needed a taste of cock myself and pulled Mario off for an instant so that I could service that hot throbbing meat.



Mario's tongue flicked up over Ray's body, stopping at all the sensitive places along the way, until he was working over Ray's chest good, licking and chewing on the erecting nipples, giving those firm solid pecs all the attention that they deserved.

While Mario worked on Ray, I got hold of Mario's meat and began to give it some good old Yankee kind of attention. I pulled back his foreskin and gave that hot head a royal tongue thrashing. The moans of pleasure were the same in any language. Ray grabbed his cock and stuck it over next to Mario's so that I could get at them both. I only wished my mouth were big enough to accommodate them both at the same tiem but since it wasn't I licked and sucked them each in its turn.

"Time for me to have a little fun," Ray said, pushing down so that he could get at Mario's juicy meat and my tormented cock. His hot mouth swallowing my dick almost made me cry out in delight. Ray knew how to suck. Man, did he ever know how to suck.

Ray's finger automatically found its way into my ass. "Fuck me, Ray. Fuck me while I suck this Latin dude good," I said.

Where tight ass was involved, Ray didn't need a second invitation. Quickly he crawled between my legs and forced them up on his shoulders so that my talented buns were exposed to him. He worked a finger or two of hot spit into my smoking hole and then jammed the hard head of his big dick up against me.

"Do it!" I murmured in his ear. "Get that big cock up that hole. Fuck me, man."

With so little in the way of lubrication, the pain of Ray's entry into me was rough to take. He was big and I was tight. It took several hard shoves to get even the head started up my butt. I gritted my teeth and hung on. Part of the pleasure, of course, was the pain. I wouldn't have changed an instant of it. Once Ray got riding me good, I pulled Mario's dick down to my waiting mouth and got him ready for action. I really wanted a hot Mexican load.

His tongue would work over the head until it began to tingle and then he'd just ram your dick all the way down his throat until he had all of you buried in him. The things he did with that throat would drive a saint to tears. I felt like my cock was being massaged by a big velvet hand. The feeling was incredible. I could tell that Mario thought the same from the way his eyes rolled back in his head when Ray began to take care of his needs.

No one wanted to be left out. Suddenly, everybody was sucking somebody. One minute I had Mario's dick in me and the next I'd be licking on Ray's fat meat. We were all getting pretty turned on.

Ray began to pound my ass with a wild fury. He fucked like a bull out to service a herd. He'd pull that hard dick out of me and slam it back up my butt with such a force that I thought he was going to rip right through me. That's how I liked to take dick. Hot and hard. The harder he pounded the enormous piece of meat into me the more I enjoyed it and the more frantically I sucked Mario.

"You two guys suck a while," I told Ray and Mario. My finger had found Mario's super tight butt and I was determined to get a piece of dick up him. I was almost willing to bet that he was virgin and there was nothing that turned me on more than screwing a virgin ass.

Ray pulled Mario over to him and stuffed Mario's dick back down his throat, holding his trembling body tight to him by wrapping his arms around Mario's firm brown ass. Mario laid there for a moment eyeing Ray's thick meat and then, caught up in the fantasy of the size of it, started to see how much he could get into his mouth. When Ray was fully hard he was something to reckon with. Mario wasn't having an easy time getting that swollen love tool all the way down his throat.

I was after Mario's ass now. I lubed it up with as much grease as I could get into it. Mario squirmed around a bit trying to get away from the incessant pressure of fingers but Ray held him firmly in place and made it easy for me to get him ready.

"No!" Mario started to gasp. "No, hombre, no!"

The head of my dick was pressing hard against his butt. I could feel the virgin ass just beginning to give way a little. Mario was not going to be a willing victim for my lust. Sooner or later somebody had to initiate him so I figured that it might as well be me.

Finally, I managed to barely get the head in. Mario was moaning and carrying on like he was really in pain but he had stopped moving away from me and I figured that he had either resigned himself to the inevitable or was beginning to enjoy it a little.

"I think I've got him opened for you, Ray.

You want to try getting some of that monster of yours in there?"

Ray had Mario on his side and was pushing cock to him good. Mario was genuinely struggling. Ray was big and he was beginning to feel the difference as Ray started to part those cheeks with his bull dick. Ray wasn't having any more success than I had had. He got his head in but Mario had clamped down and there was small chance of him getting the thick main shaft of his cock into that hole to stud it out.

"Shit," Ray cursed, "the kid's too tight for me. I can't hold out much longer. I'm ready to shoot."

"Yeh, me too, but I'm going to drop it up his ass." I pulled Ray away from Mario and before Mario could move I dug as much of my dick into him as I could get. He instantly clamped down on it. I felt the juices boil up in me and before I could even get a couple of good strokes in, I shot all over that brown butt. Mario squirmed out from under me the second I had finished cuming.

Ray pushed Mario back on the bed and knelt beside him. Frantically, he began to stroke his big dick in long quick strokes. His cock started to balloon up in size until it was almost as twice as thick as usual. Mario couldn't take his eyes off the monster. It was easy to see that he hadn't had many cocks the size of Ray. Ray's stroking went from frantic to furious and he was pumping that meat so hard that it looked like he was going to break it off.

"I'm cuming. Oh, shit, I'm cuming," Ray sobbed.

Mario automatically opened his mouth. Ray dropped his huge load of white love juice straight down the waiting throat. More and more of Ray's thick, sweet juice streamed out of his love tool until Mario couldn't catch it all and it dribbled across his brown-skinned chest.

Mario was up and beating his meat the second Ray had stopped shooting. He pushed me back on the bed and pumped his dick into my mouth. I opened wide to take him and grabbed his hot brown ass and pulled his tormented dick even further into me. He took me by the back of the head and force-fed me cock like he was stuffing a bottomless pit. It was all I could do to keep his dick in me. Mario was like a wild, unchained animal, completely out of control in his own heat of passion.

"Aaiieee!"" he screamed again and shot. There was cum everywhere. That boy had a load like a mature bull. The cum dripped down over my chin and into the hair on my chest as more and more of it shot out of him in almost a continuous fountain.

Later that evening Mario played his guitar for us again. This time the melody was softer, more romantic. The way he was pushing his naked brown butt back against Ray's limp dick sort of said that he was willing to try to take all of that big thing. I knew Ray would fulfill his wildest fantasies.

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